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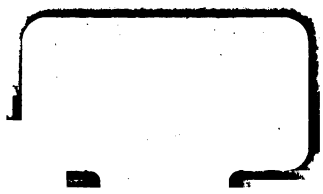
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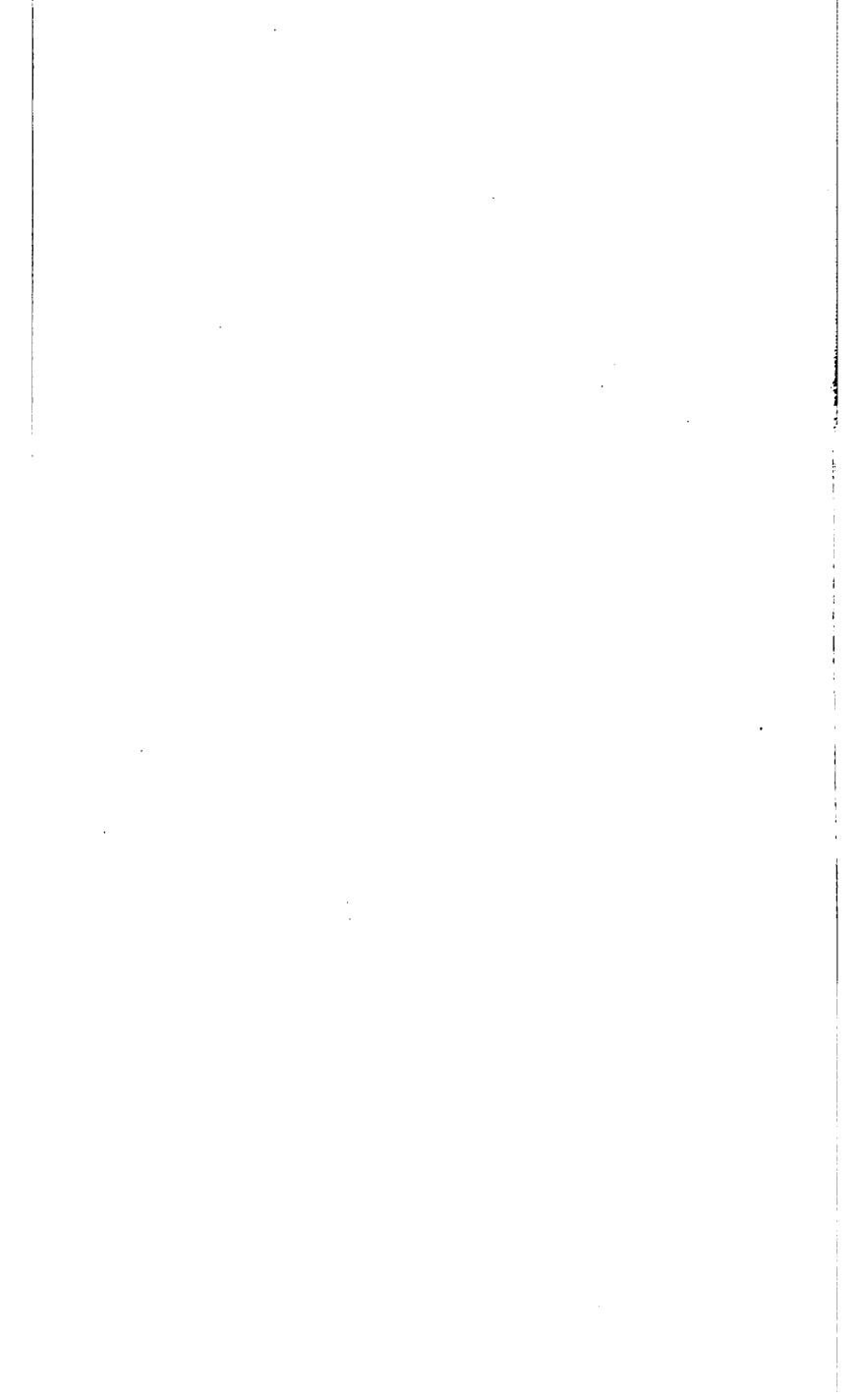


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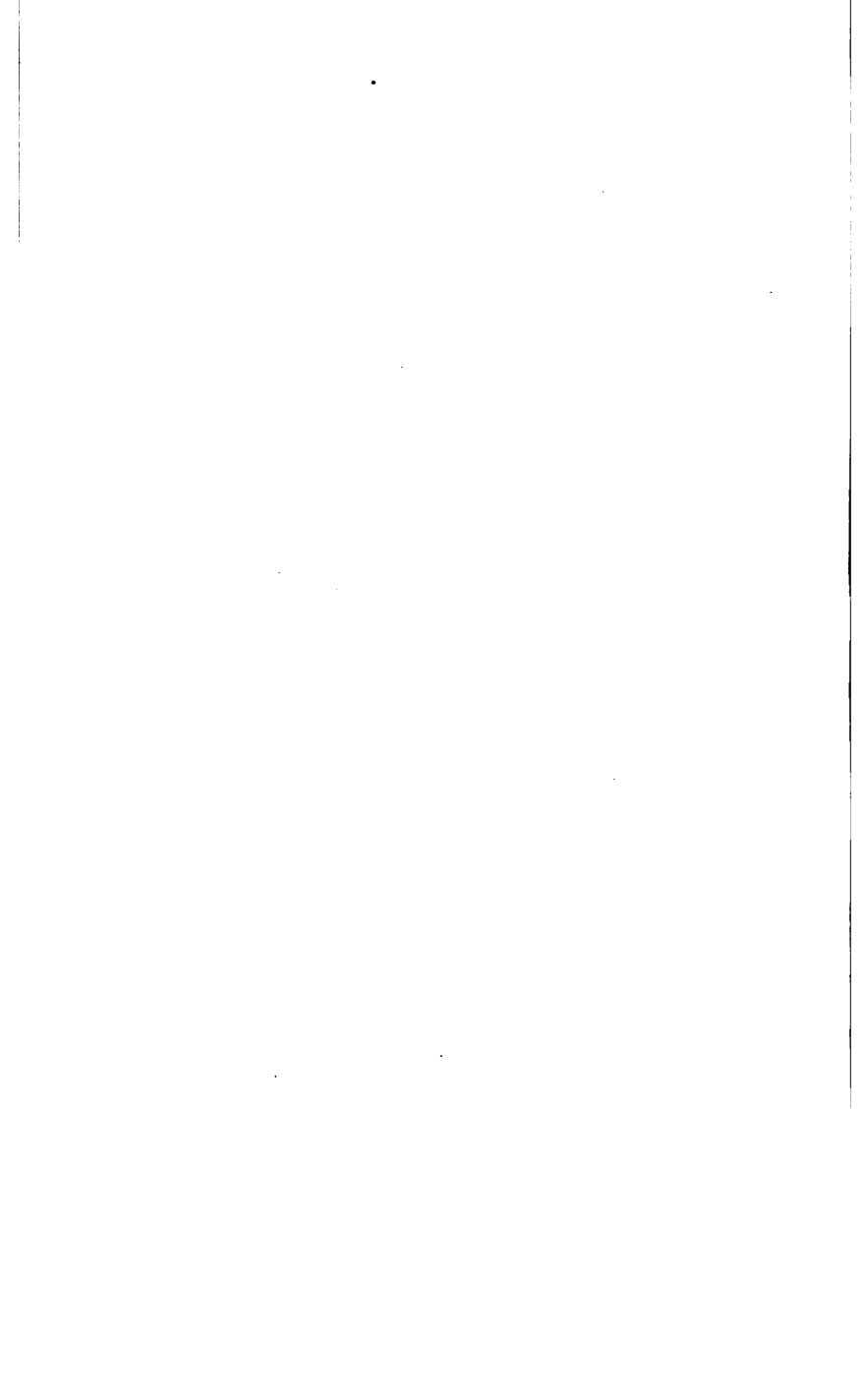


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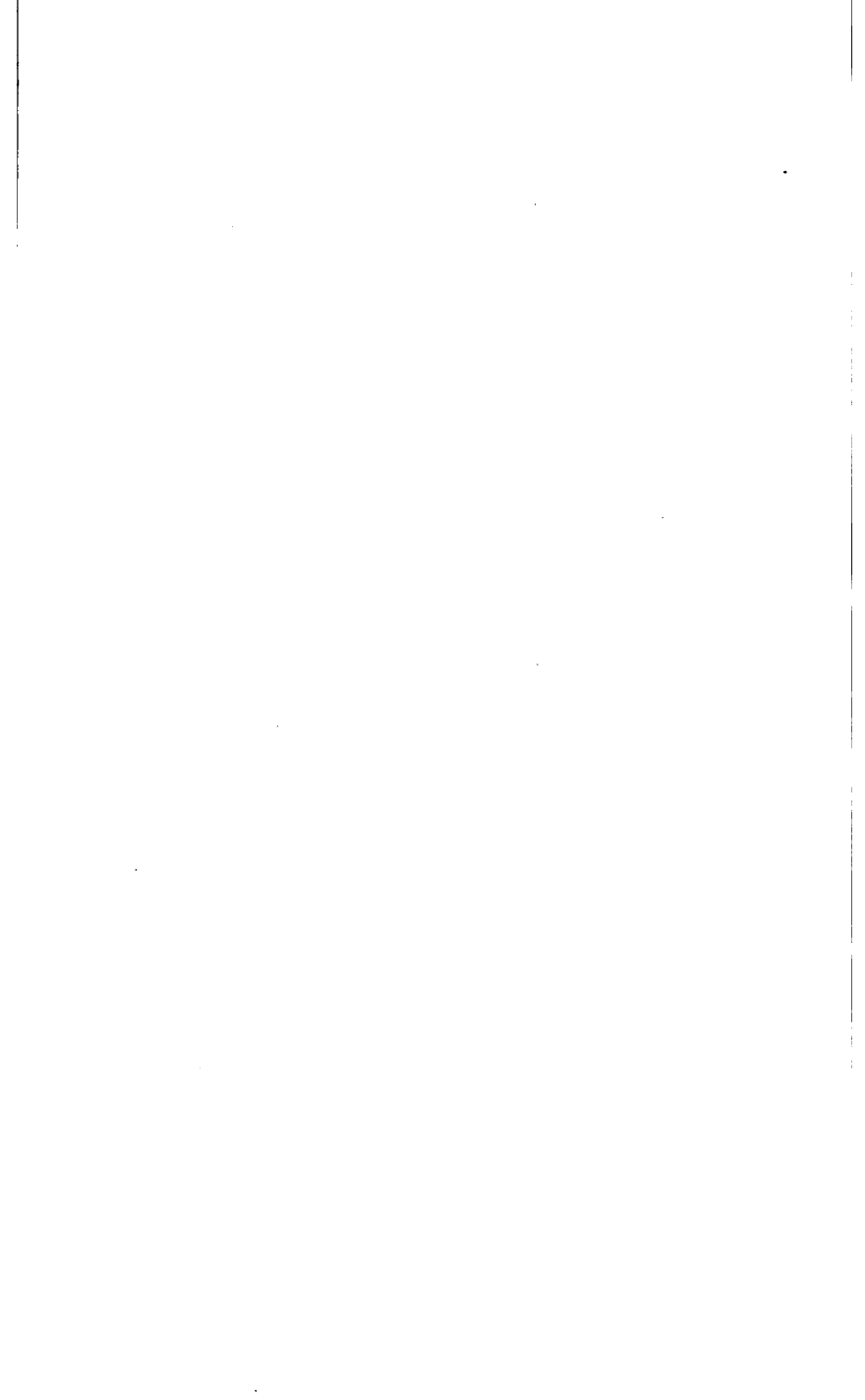






**LET THE FLAG WAVE )**





# LET THE FLAG WAVE

WITH OTHER VERSES WRITTEN IN WAR-TIME

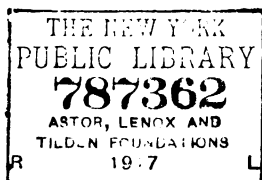
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*Let the flag wave! Aye, let it wave on high,  
Its red and white and blue against the sky!  
From crest and casement, broad and bright and brave,  
Let the flag wave!*

*Let the flag wave! Aye, let it wave above  
The hills and valleys of the land we love,  
And o'er the sea, to no mad tyrant slave,  
Let the flag wave!*

*Let the flag wave! Aye, let its glory shine!  
Let the flag wave, a symbol, and a sign!  
To guard our honor and to shield and save,  
Let the flag wave!*

*Let the flag wave! Aye, wave in all men's sight,  
Its stars unsullied as the stars of night;  
Its stripes unblemished; only this we crave—  
Let the flag wave!*

## THE FLAG TO THE WIND

What is the word of the flag  
To the world-wide wanderer, Wind,  
Now that valley and crag  
Are fair with the flush of May,—  
Now that the boughs once thinned  
By the spectral hand of the frost,  
Laughing in leaf, are tossed  
In the golden face of the day?  
Flung over valley and crag,  
This is the word of the Flag!

“Far in the lustrums gone,  
In freedom I had my birth,  
Yet I am young as the dawn,  
Or the fresh Maytime of earth.  
I have outlived my fears  
In the stress of the wheeling years,  
Until, in my strength, I feel,  
With my Stripes and my gathered Stars,  
That I stand for a Nation's weal,  
Supreme o'er the roar of wars.

**“Since I to the morn unfurled  
Over this fair new world,  
Mine has it been to urge  
The pulse of the patriot surge,  
Whether it swept the plain  
In the stormy wake of Wayne,  
Or leaped on the parapet  
At the shout of Lafayette.  
Proudly I waved on high  
At Lawrence’s valiant cry,  
And fluttered in glory again  
When Decatur sailed the main;  
From the banks of the Rio Grande  
I flung in the face of the foe  
Till I took my triumph stand  
On the walls of Mexico!**



“And when the North and the South,  
Sworn brothers, drew apart,  
When Love was withered by drouth,  
And Hate was the flower of the heart,  
Through ways of passion and pain,  
Through waste of life and of lands,  
Back did I lead again  
To the kindred clasping of hands.  
Ne’er did my courage fail  
In the doubtful days and dark,  
Though under the fiery gale  
The loved of the land grew stark.  
I, who had seen the light  
In the eyes of Washington,  
Had faith that the gloom of night  
Would yield once more to the sun;  
So, rent and riven and torn,  
Did I cheer the war-ranks worn,  
Till the silent soldier came,  
The man of deathless name,  
Who brought from the strife release,  
And the lovely lilies of Peace.

“And when the trump of war  
Pealed in the dawn once more,  
And far Corregidor,  
By the warm Philippine shore,  
Hearkened our guns proclaim  
The end of a rule of Shame,  
And when the fairest isle  
In the surge of the Carib main,  
Cruelly crushed too long  
By Spanish greed and guile,  
Listed the stern refrain  
Of our mighty battle-song,  
A hail did I fling to all  
Of the free that erst were thrall.

“And now that one of the strain  
Of the terrible Tamerlane,  
And Attila, the Hun,  
Cries his vaunt to the sun,  
Clamors of God and prates  
While he sows his pestilent hates,  
Writes his creed of Crime  
Large on the Book of Time,  
Poses, self-sufficed,  
Linked with Anti-Christ,  
Lord of Terror, lord  
Of all by Love abhorred,  
Of all by Faith and Trust  
Held as Death and the dust,—  
Over, against his power  
Steadfast do I mark  
The coming of that hour  
When he shall be whelmed in the dark!

**"Out of the Wrong the Right!  
Out of the murk the light!  
Such is the message I bear  
Ever abroad on the air.  
I stand for the hearth and home,  
For our precious Mother-Earth,  
For her leagues of fertile loam,  
And her mountains great of girth;  
O'er the living and dead I wave,  
Blessing the cradle and grave;  
And for none my folds are tossed  
With a more exultant pride  
Than for those who have been lost,—  
Than for those who have bravely died  
That the Nation might abide,  
And the Right be glorified!**

“Then blow, O Wind, where ye will,  
This errand to fulfill!  
Say thou of the sleeping ones,—  
‘Ye died for the land of your love!’  
Say thou to her living sons,—  
‘Strive ye to keep her true,  
Spotless before the God above  
For the eyes of the world to view;  
True to her highest trust,  
Untouched by the taint of Greed,  
Unsoiled by all the canker and lust  
That base ambitions breed,—  
One people faithful and free  
From the marge of the sea to the sea!’ ”

Flung over valley and crag,  
Fair, or tattered and thinned,  
Such is the word of the Flag,  
The word of the Flag to the Wind!

## THE BELL RINGER

(July, 1776)

The grizzled ringer, stern and tense  
From dragging hours of grim suspense,  
    Sighed as he leaned against the wall;  
Below, where still the throng was dense,  
    The thrall of silence held them all.

“They will not sign!” the old man said;  
The July sunshine, hot and red,  
    Beat blindingly on street and square—  
Yet, though he knew it not, o’erhead  
    What mighty portents filled the air!

Prevision of a nation’s birth,  
Of words that should engirdle earth  
    Swift borne upon aerial wings,  
Smite tyranny’s embattled girth,  
    And shake the very thrones of kings.

And then a sudden voice out-sang—  
“Ring! Ring!” The eager ancient sprang  
And swayed and swung the iron tongue  
That flung its far-resounding clang  
As to the quivering rope he clung.

Hark!—still its echoes sweep and swell  
Up every height, through every dell,  
Beneath our blessed arc of sky!—  
O’ringer of our freedom bell,  
Ring ever, lest a nation die!

AT THE GRAVE OF LAWRENCE  
(Trinity Churchyard)

Morn and noon of day and even, human ebb and  
flow;

Overhead, the stars of midnight, scarce the faintest  
glow,

Shrunk into misty marshfires by the city's glare;  
Here he sleeps, our sailor hero,—pause, and hail him  
fair!

Here he sleeps where jostling Wall Street merges in  
Broadway,

And the roar is as a legion leaping to the fray.

Out from Trinity's dim portal floats the chanting  
choir;

Matchless midst the girdling granite lifts the graceful  
spire.

Many slumberers around him, men of church and  
state;

Here he sleeps, our sailor hero, great among the great!  
Simple lines to mark his slumber;—how the letters  
speak!

“Lawrence” (hark, ye money-getters!) “of the  
Chesapeake!”



Stone may call in clearer accents than the loudest lip.  
Just a name! What does it cry you? "Don't give  
up the Ship!"

Aye, there's something more than millions,—a far  
nobler aim!

Here he sleeps, our sailor hero, nothing but a name!  
Yet (and who can pierce the future?) this may one  
day be

As a burning inspiration both on land and sea.

## AT THE HOME OF FRANCIS SCOTT KEY

Bland are the skies o'er calm Potomac's tide,  
Curving, a shining sickle, toward the sea,  
And o'er the memoried spot hard by my side  
Where stood the home of Key.

A dozen banners toss in the free air,  
Red, white and blue in shimmering folds above;  
And what more fitting than wide-waving there  
The bright flag of his love!

Beyond, Virginia's slopes of dappled sheen  
Glint in the radiance of the summer sun  
Where, hallowed by their hosts of dead, are seen  
The heights of Arlington.

But not to them our thought goes out, though limned  
By deathless glories that to them belong,  
But unto him whose lips, anointed, hymned  
Our land's first battle song!

Aye, unto him who on that crucial morn  
Beheld our banner shine as still it shines,  
And penned with patriot joy and patriot scorn  
His memorable lines!

His be the honor, his the nation's praise,  
The nation's love, the nation's fealty!  
Muse, keep forever green the wreath of bays  
About the brow of Key!

## AMERICA TO HER YOUNG MEN

America saith to her young men—Behold me!

Have I not mothered you, not reared you well?

Close in your girdling arms should you not fold me,

Safe-guarded as within a citadel?

Have I not given my bounty and my beauty

To you, aforetime nurslings at my breast?

And should not love inspire you, and not duty,

Should threatening danger put you to the test?

America saith to her young men—Remember

That honor is a high and holy thing!

Rather be life but as a quenched ember

Than you unworthy of your mothering!

## BALLAD OF "OLD GLORY"

(August, 1777)

*Hear the story  
Of "Old Glory,—"  
How the flag was first unfurled  
Above the land  
By a dauntless band  
In the heart of a wooded world!*

'Twas the red August light  
That brooded over the sky;  
And the dog-star glowered by night  
With the gleam of its baleful eye;  
And the leaguers cried, "If ye're stubborn still,  
Forsooth, ye are like to die!"

Here St. Leger lay,  
And the boastful Baronet there;  
And the painted savage horde  
Crouched in their leafy lair;  
And they tightened under the veil of the dark  
The meshes of their snare.

But the gallant Gansevoort,  
He would not yield an ell;  
Bullet for bullet he bandied them,  
And he flung them shell for shell;  
And he grimly swore that he's stand his ground  
Till the last defender fell.

From the parapet his gaze,  
In the blaze of the middle morn,  
Lit on the leaguer's camp,  
And marked it silent and shorn;  
Then sudden out from the wood there leaped  
A ranger wander-worn.

The back-swung gate he gained,  
And he shouted, "Herkimer!"  
"Where?" cried the gallant Gansevoort;  
"He comes," quoth the wanderer,  
"From the bivouac-place at Orisca's pines  
By the road through fern and fir.

"And this is the word he sends,—  
    'Fire thou a signal gun,  
And fall in force on the leaguer's front  
    Ere the nooning of the sun.' "  
Then, "Volunteers!" cried Gansevoort,  
    And there sprang forth many an one.

Down on the leaguer's camp  
    With a battle-shout they bore;  
(Some had gone ere the gray of dawn  
    Toward the clear Orisca's shore  
To harry the hardy Herkimer  
    On-pressing to the fore;)  
And those of the startled leaguers left,  
    I'faith, they were smitten sore!

Hither and yon they fled,  
    As under a terror spell;  
While arms and stores by triple scores  
    To the valiant victors fell.  
"A flag," cried the gallant Gansevoort,  
    "Of our success should tell!"

A flag? They had only heard  
What the emblem was to be,—  
Of the stripes and stars as the avatars  
That should symbol Liberty,  
That should tell the earth of the blessed birth  
Of a people truly free!

And these undaunted souls,  
Foiled should they be? Not they!  
In the cumber and clutter of battle spoils  
A keen eye saw the way  
To show the foe what should work them woe  
Upon many an after day!

The folds of a camlet cloak  
To the banner brought its blue;  
A British soldier's red coat lent  
The stripes of a ruddy hue;  
A sheet gave white, then in the light  
Of the August noon it flew.

And oh, what a cheer went up  
To the vault of the burning sky!  
*Ah, many a marching year since then  
Has the fair Flag waved on high!  
And many another year, God please,  
Shall the same brave banner fly!*



## IN TIME OF DANGER

Blind to danger we have been,  
Walking on our wonted ways  
Through the drifting of the days  
In and out, and out and in,  
To our patriot duty stranger,  
Wandering as in a maze,  
Blind to danger.

Deaf to danger, and our need,  
We have drunken to the lees  
Of the druggèd wine of ease;  
To our honor given no heed,  
Paltered, played the money-changer;  
Cast aside old memories,  
Deaf to danger.

Blind and deaf to danger? Nay!  
Fling the call from shore to shore!  
Wake! the slothful hour is o'er!  
Wake! be gone with base delay,  
To our trust no longer stranger!  
Freemen, rouse, and be no more  
Blind to danger,  
Deaf to danger!

## SAID LIGHT HORSE HARRY LEE

Said "Light Horse Harry Lee,"  
The flower of old Virginian chivalry,  
Virile and valiant on the fighting line  
At Brandywine,  
And many another sanguine field, said he,  
*"That nation is a murderer of its men  
Which sends them unprepared against the foe!"*  
Shall we be slothful, then,  
And shall red Crime  
Attaint us on the record-book of Time?  
Answer, ye Powers that shape our destiny,—*"No!"*  
Aye, answer once again,—  
*"By all we cherish,—No!"*

## LITTLE PRINCES, LITTLE KINGS

*Little princes, little kings,  
With your arrogance of birth,  
And your pale and puny vision,  
Here, where ways should be elysian,  
Here, where days were meant for mirth,  
In your madness and derision,  
You have made a hell of earth!*

Pawns to you are all the people  
Moved about a narrowed board;  
They have sweat and blood for raiment,  
And to each and every claimant  
Of the bounty that you hoard,  
In the richness of your payment  
You have offered them a sword!

For their sacrificial service  
What suffices? What atones?  
You have driven them as cattle  
Down the fiery lanes of battle  
(Hear you how the death wind moans?)  
While you parley, while you prattle,  
Safe upon your gilded thrones!

You have purged your souls of pity  
For a dole of niggard gain;  
You have heaped on wives and daughters  
Such a holocaust of slaughters!  
Do you glory in the slain?  
What were wastes on wastes of waters  
To absolve you of the stain!

Up the hazy vasts of distance  
Glimpse you no avenging wings,  
You who reft God's world of quiet  
With your ravage, rage and riot,  
With your ruthless wantonings?  
Fear you not the final flat,  
Little princes, little kings?

*Little princes, little kings,  
With your arrogance of birth,  
And your pale and puny vision,  
Here, where ways should be elysian,  
Here, where days were meant for mirth,  
In your madness and derision,  
You have made a hell of earth!*

## BALLAD OF A BAKER

*This is the tale of a Gallic baker*

*Who now is guest of the seraphim;*

*He had no need for an undertaker,*

*As the Vandals played that part for him!*

In August-tide, in the year of flame,

(Or shall I name it the year of Shame?)

To Gerbervillers the Vandals came;

And the Vandal colonel raged and roared

Because, forsooth, there was much at stake,

And there was a stream which he could not ford,

And there was a bridge which he could not take,

For he dared not meet the deadly ire

Of the gun that is known as the "rapid-fire,"

And there were twain on the village ridge

Where the street ran up from the river bridge,

And sixty chausseurs to train them, too,

And hold the town from the Vandal crew.

But sixty men may not face a corps,  
With the end of their fighting store in view,  
Hence at last the chausseurs slipped away,  
And the Vandals surged from the river shore,  
Foiled, but frenzied with the fray.  
Foiled,—and they must have vengeance, so  
The helpless villagers they led  
Out in blinded files of fives,  
("What—" they said—"are their silly lives!")  
And though none had lifted a hand for a blow,  
They lined them up, and they shot them dead.

Then they found a baker, a harmless fellow,  
Shrinking back where his ovens were,  
In which his cakes of white and yellow  
He baked for the peaceful villager,  
And just to show that they were not sloven  
On the road to win them a new renown,  
They opened the door of the widest oven,  
And they shunted the shrieking baker in,  
(What was his crime, pray, what was his sin?)  
And they kindled a fire, and they baked him brown,—  
Brown as one of his loaves. . . . No doubt  
When the dusk dropped down, and the fire was out,  
In the calm and cool of the even-tide,  
Where the Gerbervillers fields stretched wide,  
They sat and gravely talked of Kultur,  
For that is the boast of the Vandal Vulture!

*I recall that the poet Milton*

*Pictured a pit not lit with candles;  
And since it's fact that this tale is built on,  
Wouldn't that be a good place for the Vandals?*

## OFF FINISTERE

Off Finistere King Arthur rides,  
Off Finistere in Brittany;  
He hears the tumult of the tides  
Beat in across the barren sea.

The sound is like the sullen roar  
Of war within some distant place,  
For round the isles and up the shore  
The angry breakers boom and race.

The good king wears his vizor down;  
His form is bent; his head is bowed;  
And mighty hosts of old renown  
In serried files about him crowd.

They, too, throughout their spectral lines  
Seem weighted with the thought of woe;  
In their demeanor one divines  
Sad memories of long ago.

Yet none of all, from king to hind,  
Is girdled as with coward fears;  
They set their faces to the wind,  
And grip their swords, and couch their spears.



“Still, still,” they murmur, “although long  
The battle rage, and far is peace,  
We will fight on against the wrong  
Till horror and oppression cease!

“For we are mantled with the Right;  
Are armored with a holy mail,  
And we will face the Dragon Might  
Until the bloody Dragon quail!”

Now that the spring's tumultuous tides  
Storm on the land and scourge the sea,  
Off Finistere King Arthur rides,  
Off Finistere in Brittany.

## A HILL IN PICARDY

There is a little hill in Picardy  
That, in the bygone days, was fair to see  
With silvery leaves of the slim poplar tree.  
*Ah, lovely little hill in Picardy!*

White were the boles as are a maiden's hands;  
And there were willow-withes and hazel-wands,  
And ferns, with frail antennæ of their fronds.  
*Ah, lovely little hill in Picardy!*

And there the purple violets made spring  
A dream of loveliness; many a tender thing—  
Vervain and vetch—added its glamouring.  
*Ah, lovely little hill in Picardy!*

And there was morn and vesper song of birds  
Whereto the wind joined with its joyous words;  
And there was kindly shade for the sleek herds.  
*Ah, lovely little hill in Picardy!*

But now—but now—what is there left to see  
Save desolation? Riven earth and tree  
And lines of crosses tell their tale. Ah, me,  
*This lonely little hill in Picardy!*

## THE LITTLE LAD

(France, 1914)

He was a little lad of blithesome mien  
Whose added summers might have been fourteen;  
And yet, for all his brief years, he was clad  
With mail of courage, was the little lad.  
About him, in a swift surge, closed the foe.  
Did he know this—and that? He did not know.  
Then, while they questioned, flamed a ring of fire  
That scourged them. In their fierce chagrin and ire,  
Their mood of vengeance, merciless and mad,  
Who should be sacrificed? The little lad!

## AT BRUSSELS

(October, 1915)

Not under the light of the dawn was the deed of horror  
done,

Nor yet in the blaze of the noon, under the gaze of  
the sun,

But in the stealth of the night. Such is the way of  
the Hun!

What saith the Word? As ye sow, thus shall ye  
also reap!

Once, we read, there was one, a dastard who murdered  
sleep,

And summoned the furies of Hell from the vasts of  
the outer deep.

Out of the nether gloom again shall the brood not  
come,

And gather about his bed, vengeful, demoniac, dumb,  
Who wrought for a woman a crown, the crown of  
martyrdom?

Foul upon history's page there is written many a blot,  
Fury and lust and rage, rapine and sack and plot,  
Cruelty and crime, from the time of Iscariot!

But naught more wanton than this under the eyes of  
the Lord!

Naught to be more despised, naught to be more  
abhorred!

What shall the guerdon be? What be the just  
reward?

## THE DANCING MAN OF NORMANDY

Oh, the dancing man of Normandy,  
A funny little old man is he,  
With his long white beard and his crooked staff,  
And his stooping back and his creaking laugh!  
When the golden light of the morning fills  
The bowl of the sky, o'er the Norman hills  
With a wonderful, persuasive charm,  
He treads and trips from farm to farm.  
In and out and out and in,  
With a droop and a lift of his wizened chin,  
And a twist of his queer and elfish toes,  
Down and up and on he goes;  
Jigging, whirling, tossing his hands,  
He capers over the sweeping lands.  
Oh, the dancing man of Normandy,  
A funny little old man is he!

Oh, the dancing man of Normandy,  
A merry little old man is he!  
And the sick folk rise at the sight of him,  
Hale of heart and strong of limb;  
And the mumbling chimney-corner crones  
Feel new life thrill through their bones;  
And babies babble and striplings run,  
Leaping as lambs do under the sun;  
Gambol the herds and the horses prance,  
And the pigs and the farm fowls join in the dance;  
And the flowers keep time and the grasses swing,  
And the osiers sway and the tree boughs sing.  
Oh, the dancing man of Normandy,  
A merry little old man is he!

Oh, the dancing man of Normandy,  
A welcome little old man is he!  
For he never comes, on his nimble toes,  
Save when war, with all of its sanguine woes,  
Is about to fade like the mists away.  
And they tell in the Norman lands to-day  
How the peasants have watched him ranging far  
Under the matin and vesper star,  
Seen him leading his rigadoon  
Under the glow of the autumn moon,  
While the winds and the waters without cease  
Have chanted of victory and peace.  
Oh, the dancing man of Normandy,  
A welcome little old man is he!



## THE LUNAR BOW

My mind is borne across the years,  
That flood with never ceasing flow,  
To a blue night when near Louvain  
I saw a wondrous lunar bow.

The moon was regnant overhead,  
And the caressing wind was warm,  
While up the darkened west there rose  
The spectral streamers of the storm.

Here spanned the bow, a thing of dream;  
From delicate red to amethyst,  
Each color of the spectrum limned  
Against the battlements of mist.

A nocturne of such perfect hue,  
It made the silence seem more deep,  
And glorified a land that lay  
As peaceful as a child at sleep.

(O ravaged garths, O trampled fields,  
Around which memory's halo shines!  
O lovely city of Louvain,  
With all your desecrated shrines!)

A land of peace!—The vision still  
Abides despite the war and woe;  
Ah, might some healing Power bring back  
The peace beneath the lunar bow!

## AT THE YEAR'S DECLINE—1916

Lo, we have called them Huns, have cried them  
Vandals,

And is there aught, my brother, to unsay  
Now dawn has quenched the night's irradiant candles,  
And up the orient climbs another day?

Nay, rather we have saner grown, and cooler,  
Despite fresh horror stalking wide abroad,  
And blasphemous cacophonies of a ruler—  
Madman or mountebank—beseeching God!

New names be theirs from out the dim dead ages,  
Names linked with irremediable pain—  
The swart Assyrian, with his savage rages,  
The tawny terrible hosts of Tamerlane!

Shall not calamity seize a ruthless nation  
That sows an innocent land with gaping graves,  
And then (fit deed for ceaseless execration!)  
Makes its surviving men and maidens slaves!

There is no word too shameful, too abhorrent,  
No epithet too violent to be hurled  
At those that loosed this cataclysmal torrent  
And made a reeking shambles of the world!

## THE REEDS OF THE SOMME

In the gusts of the wintry weather  
I heard the reeds of the Somme whispering together;  
"Brother, brother,"  
Each said to the other,  
"Lo, how we have bled  
For our beloved Mother—  
For France, our Mother!  
And shall it be in vain,  
Our agony and pain,  
All of the precious blood that we have shed?"

And the sky that leaned over,  
Like a lover,  
Answered, "Nay!"  
And each wind upon its vagrant way  
(Each wind that wandered wide)  
Made answer, "Nay!"  
And the Somme water,  
Red with slaughter,  
Answered, "Nay!"

So every brother reed was satisfied.

## A WOODEN CROSS

Somewhere, in No Man's Land, a wooden cross,

Swept by the rain and beaten by the sun!

Pathetic? yes, and yet how small a loss;

Among the many thousand crosses—one!

How small a loss, you say; but nay! but nay!

To a fair maid who cannot see for tears

The flush of spring upon the hawthorn spray,

It means the tragic darkening of the years.

## AT BECQUINCOURT

At Beequincourt, in Picardy,  
What, think you, there is left to see?  
'Mid ravage, ruin, wreck and loss,  
Only a Christ upon a cross!  
The Christ a figure gaunt and gray;  
The cross with one arm shot away.

Is He not crucified again  
At Becquincourt, in Picardy,  
As aforetime on Calvary?  
Here all the agony and pain,  
Here all the torture and the tears,  
As in the far off elder years!  
The same pathetic sight to see  
At Becquincourt, in Picardy!

## THE SPIRIT OF FRANCE

What spirit animates to-day

The soul of France? What vital spark?

From out the fire that burned her clay

At Rouen to an ash of gray,

The living spirit of Jeanne D'Arc!

## THE CHANT OF THE HUN

Out of the dark of the ages,  
Out of the gloom and the night,  
A threat from the past's grim pages,—  
Ravin and ruin and blight,  
Ravage of son and daughter,  
Mercy and pity, none!  
Slaughter—slaughter—slaughter—  
Such is the chant of the Hun!

Piracy and pillage,  
Fury, famine and fire,  
Rape of city and village,  
The lust for agony, ire;  
Blood to be spilled like water  
Under the stars and the sun;  
Slaughter—slaughter—slaughter—  
Such is the chant of the Hun!

## A SUMMER MORNING

The summer meads are fair with daisy-snow,  
White as the dove's wing, flawless as the foam  
On the brown beaches where the breakers comb  
When the long Trades their morning bugles blow;  
And over all there is a golden glow,  
For the sun sits ascendant in the dome;  
And smoke-wreaths rise from many a cottage home  
Where there is peace, and joy's full overflow.

This is our heritage, but what of those  
Who crouch where Yser's sad, ensanguined tide  
Winds with its sluggish crescents, toward the sea;  
Where Termonde bells are silent, and the wide  
And stricken leagues of Flemish land disclose  
The ruthless wrong, the piteous agony!



## WHAT TIDINGS

What tidings, winds of Maytime, do ye bear?—

What from the slopes of castle-guarded Rhine?

What from the ancient shrine of Constantine,  
And from the fertile Flemish fields and fair?

What word from where the Russian steppes lie bare

Beneath a shrouded sun? What speech is thine

From England, girdled by the green sea brine,  
And France, the dauntless and the debonair?

What message from the Danube? Plangent tunes

Have ye aforetime borne across the seas,—

The hates and horrors of the bygone years,—

But never frantic discords, frenzied runes

Of murder and of madness such as these,—

The Furies mocking at God's singing spheres!

## THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAINS

In Syrian mountain fastnesses of old

There dwelt a man, inscrutable, malign,

Who taking to himself a power divine,

Sent emissaries from his guarded hold

To scourge the earth; and horrors manifold

He wrought through his insidious design

To make men bow before his sovereign sign;

Prayerful, yet pitiless, so the tale is told.

Did he prevail? Did no avenging rod

Descend on him, and exorcise his spell?

Read on the page of history how he fell!

And think how one to-day who calls on God,

And sends his sanguinary hordes abroad,

May answer yet within the courts of Hell!

## GREECE

(1915)

From high Olympus have the Muses fled;  
There is no hand to tend the sacred fire  
Upon their altars, none to touch the lyre,  
The lyre beloved of the immortal dead!  
None now at the Pierian fountain head  
Sets draught to lip, and sings with lyric ire.  
O for a bard to rise who should inspire  
The land to valor as when Sparta led!

For who so fatuous as to gainsay  
The hour is big with mighty destinies?  
Behold the world an amphitheatre  
Of war! The nations gripped in grim array;  
Times that should rouse a Pindar, and should stir  
To tragic fury a Euripides!

## ON AN AMERICAN SOLDIER SLAIN UPON THE MEXICAN BORDER

Somewhere he sleeps his last undreamful sleep,  
Alike unmindful of the sun and rain,  
Somewhere, while we walk blithely, and are fain  
Of the bright evening star, the winds that sweep  
The vernal azure of the upper deep.  
But hark! across the breadth of Texan plain  
Does he not cry to us, this soldier slain,  
Stark on some swale of sand, some barren steep?

Should we forego the olive and the dove  
One little moment, were it wrong, O Lord,  
To clutch Thy vengeance from the skies above  
And smite with the white wrath that is Thy sword?  
Yea, with the swift and righteous might thereof—  
And glut the vulture with the rout abhorred!

## TEXAS RANGERS

Nine men in the heart of night,

A little resolute band;

Nine men in the stark moonlight

Crossing the Rio Grande!

Nine men, brand of the brave,

Courage that will not down!

Nine men at an open grave

By old Hidalgo town!

Under the midnight what do they see?

A corpse that is maimed and marred;

Features a-writhe with agony;

Hands that are seared and scarred!

Do they remember the Alamo

And the herd of Mexique spawn,

And long once more for the vengeance blow,

These lads of Texan brawn?

Crocket, Bowie, and Travis, they  
    Call again from the sod,  
And all the slain that at Goliad lay  
    Under the eye of God!  
Ah, but you could not marvel, you  
    Biding at peace afar,  
If you knew how the caitiffs sacked and slew  
    'Neath the gleam of the fair Lone Star!

Nine men!—they would not crave,  
    But *give* them their due renown!  
Nine men by an open grave  
    At old Hidalgo town!  
Nine men on their sinuous track,  
    A little resolute band,  
Bearing a lifeless body back  
    Over the Rio Grande!

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## MOTHER ENGLAND

Mother England, though we fought you  
When you did us grievous wrong,  
And for justice we besought you,  
Take this homage of a song!

Time has let the old wounds languish;  
Years have hid them in eclipse  
(Do you not regret the anguish  
Of the cruel Prison Ships?)

Time has dimmed the past transgressions,  
Time, with its all-healing hand;  
(Do you not regret the Hessians,  
Hirelings ravaging a land?)

Hate is as a burnt out ember;  
Now but dust your stubborn George;  
Yet we cannot but remember  
Lexington and Valley Forge!

Still no lip can make denial  
That the ties of blood are true,  
And in this, your hour of trial,  
That our hearts hark back to you.

**We recall we are invested**

**By the rights of freedom drawn  
By the Barons, wrung and wrested,  
Centuries since, from grim King John.**

**We recall ours is the glory,**

**Ours, as yours, from days remote,  
Of the song and of the story  
Of the tongue that Shakespeare wrote.**

**Ere the sinister alliance**

**Round you close and o'er you break,  
Rouse, and cry the old defiance!  
Sound again the drum of Drake!**

***Mother England, though we fought you***

***When you did us grievous wrong,  
And for justice we besought you,  
Take this homage of a song!***



## KITCHENER OF KHARTUM

Blown mist shrouding the heather, where rarely a  
sun-ray smiles,  
The wild, bleak, windy weather over the Orkney Isles;  
The mournful curlews crying, then sudden the deep  
sea doom  
For the last great man of a fighting clan, for Kitchener  
of Khartum!

Call the roll from the Black Prince down of many a  
valiant son,  
Marlborough, Cromwell, who spurned a crown and  
Wolfe and Wellington;  
Lucknow's hero, brave of the brave, yet still there  
will be room  
For him whose grave is the green sea wave, for  
Kitchener of Khartum!

Tears, ye who sires were Saxons, and ye whose sires  
were Danes,  
And ye who feel the Norman blood pulse hot within  
your veins!  
For where—where is another knight of the peerless  
plume  
Shall lead ye in your hour of need like Kitchener of  
Khartum!

## WALSYNGHAM WAY

Walsyngham Way, they say, leads to the shrine of  
the Mother,

Leads to the Virgin's shrine, that altar hallowed  
and fair,

So they call it Walsyngham Way, that glimmering,  
shimmering other—

The pathway we see at night climbing the vast  
of the air.

This grievous, pitiful year, this year of blood and of  
battle,

This year of horror and hate, nations in grim  
array—

When men in the shambles of war have fallen,  
slaughtered like cattle,

Oh, the countless souls that have gone up Wal-  
syngham Way!

Walsyngham Way is a pathway in England leading to a beautiful shrine of the Virgin. This name, according to Fiona MacLeod is sometimes given to the Milky Way.

**A MAN OF THE PEAK**  
(From the Trenches)

**I was a man of quiet;  
I am a man of the Peak;  
To live afar from riot  
Was all—is all I seek!**

**Yet I have made no blunder  
To fight for the land I love,—  
Blue skies over, and under  
The winding dale of Dove!**

**I have only this for leaven—  
Memory's golden spell;  
I dream that there was heaven;  
I know that here is hell!**

## A RECRUIT

I know a little garden wet  
With opal dew in Somerset;  
'Tis there I would be back to-day  
About the bursting of the May,  
And see my love's eyes lifted; far  
More blue than hyacinths they are;  
And touch her lips; the lips of her  
Are sweeter than pressed lavender.  
But I may not—may not be there,  
And so I breathe to God this prayer,—  
Whate'er He may on me confer,  
May He be good—be good to her!

## IN LONDON-TOWN

Dim are the lights in London-Town  
That erst shone bright and fair,  
But men go up and men go down  
About Trafalgar Square;  
And though Death hovers in the air  
All sense of fear is fled,  
With Nelson on his pillar there  
To lead as once he led!

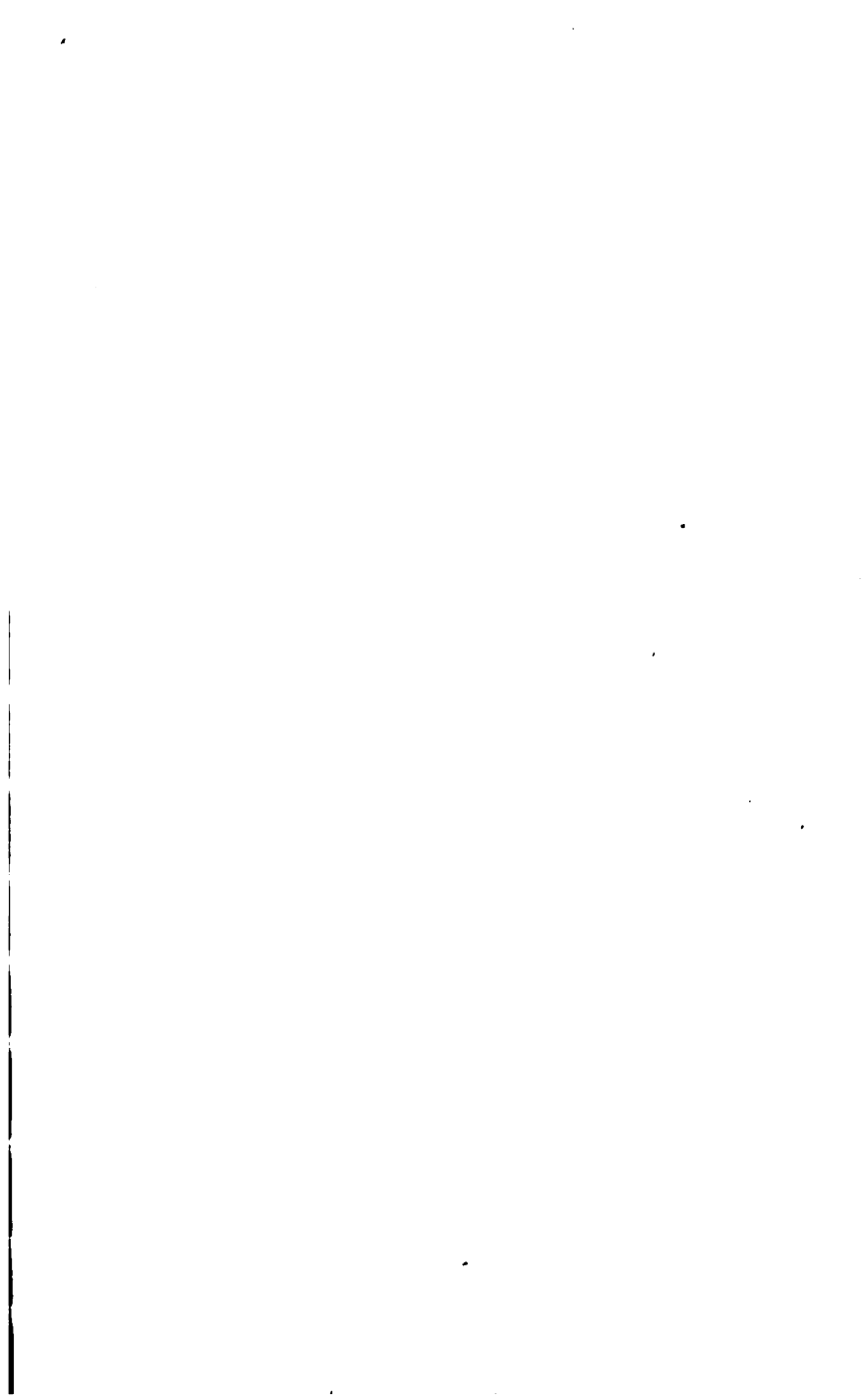
## MAY IN DEVON

Above the dales of Devon,  
About the droop of dark,  
High, high up in heaven  
Sings and sings the lark.  
How can it sing to greet the spring,  
Its soaring strains prolong,  
When many a Devon lad to-day  
Will ne'er again behold the May,—  
Is deaf to all its song!

## TO ALAN SEEGER

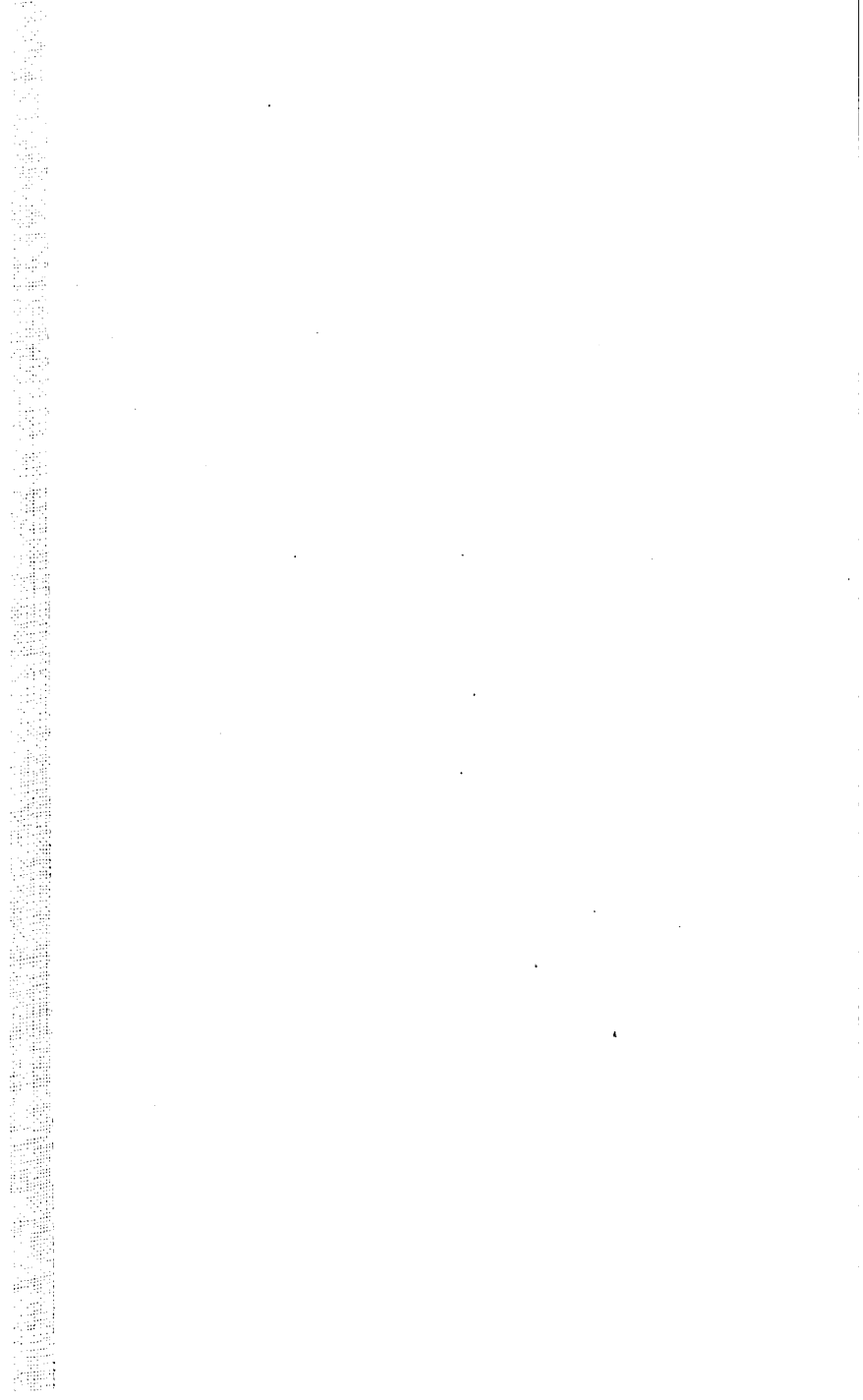
Did some dark omen touch you, some grim warning  
Of fate impending, some low-whispered breath,  
What time, your noble heart all danger scorning,  
You wrote—*I have a rendezvous with Death?*

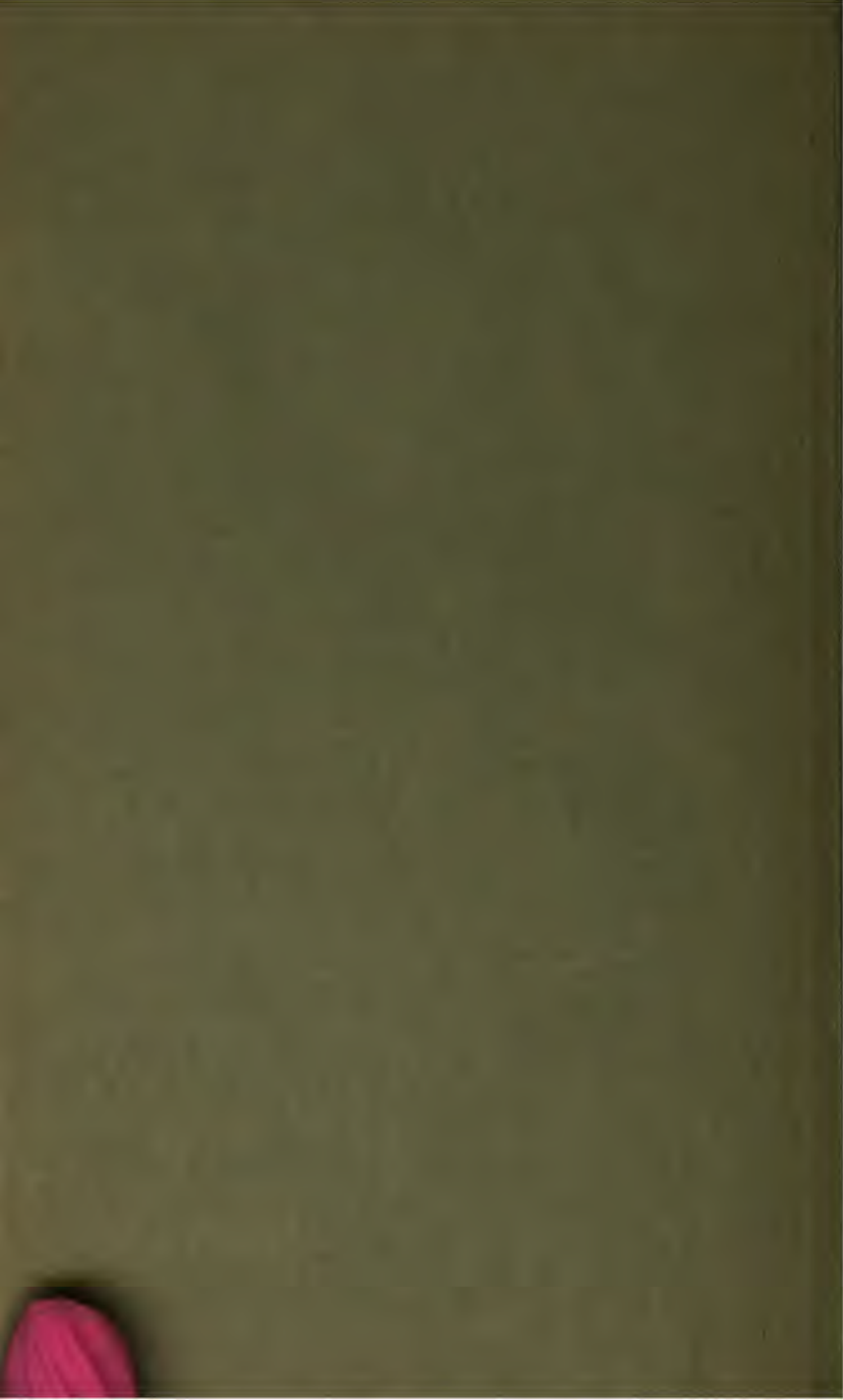
O valorous one, impassionate and eager,  
True as alone the greatest souls are true,  
I read, with eyes tear-moistened, Alan Seeger,  
How valiantly you kept your rendezvous!











JUL 28 1928

